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THE
JING'S DREAM
OR WAR

ITS CAUSE, EFFECT
AND REMEDY



WHALEY

RAINIER PRINTING COMPANY
SEATTLE

TO
HENRY FORD
“The Peacemaker”

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by the Author

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THE KING'S DREAM OR WAR

ITS CAUSE, EFFECT
AND REMEDY



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BY

CHARLES FAUSTUS WHALEY

Founder of the Peacemaker's Society of the
State of Washington

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FOREWORDS



And now, since man has fallen and returned
To barbarism, where the strongest win,
And where the weak creep closer to the wall
And might is right, and mercy has no place—
The Star of Bethlehem has ceased to shine,
And Christendom has lost its law divine.

And since the devastating hand of war
Has burned our homes, and ruined all the land
Where women starve, and children beg for bread,
The soil is soaked with blood of brave young men;
Rank thistles grow where once grew waving grain;
Now, all our tears, and all our prayers, are vain.

One day a man in arrant folly said:
“To safeguard peace we must prepare for war.”
I say if you prepare for war ’twill come,
No matter how diplomacy may watch.
The hut will burn if you ignite the thatch,
No matter which crown-head applies the match.



THE KING'S DREAM

(As Related by Himself)



PROLOGUE

All day the King was seated on his horse
And rode from place to place; while in review
His army passed in glittering pageantry;
And as he saw them marching by, he said:
"These are my third reserves, and yet how fine.
They bear themselves like veterans of the line;
And I will send them to the battle front
To fill the ranks so lately thinned by slaughter,
And prove to all my foes my power to rule."



And thus the day wore on, the busy day.
Train after train departed with its load
Of gay young men who, from their finger tips,
Threw kisses to their loved ones left behind,
And sang to them, "Goodbye, sweetheart, good-
bye;"
As for the weeping maidens, more anon.

And now the day was done and half the night
Was also gone in council and debate
Concerning all the mighty cares of state;
The King was weary, and they said to him:
“Oh, King! you must have rest: prepare for
sleep.”



“Sleep! sleep!” said he; “I may not sleep;
I will not go to bed,
For then I hear them weep, and weep,
And beg, and beg for bread.

A multitude with faces white
Stand close around my bed
And cry, and cry throughout the night,
And always beg for bread.

An aged woman standing there,
With bent and snow-white head,
Continually repeats her prayer—
‘Oh, King! bring back my dead.’

A little child with bloodstained feet
Crowds through the weeping throng,
And asks in voice so sad and sweet,
‘Will papa come ’fore long?’

A widow with her babe at breast,
Whose face shows toil and tan,
With strength of arm shoves back the rest
And makes me no meek request,
But shouts, ‘Where is my man?’

I will array me for the night
And to my throne repair.
The throne room has a sacred right,
Unasked, none enter there.

Here will I sit upon my throne
And sleep here if I must;
I will not hear them cry and moan
And beg me for a crust.”



THE DREAM



The King Sleeps

And now a band of women from the fields,
Where they had labored through the heat of day
To save a pittance for the nation's bread,
Came in: Great, stately dames and graceful girls;
Fit consort, each, for soldier or for king;
And with them came the astral forms of men—
Brave hearted men who went forth at my call
To conquer every land that I might rule
The world; and set my foot upon the neck
Of all my rivals; and be King of Kings.



How many men had sacrificed their lives
In this my jealous cause I could not tell;
But judging from the cloud of astral forms
That floated o'er the heads of these fair dames
(Saluting me and passing out again),
Their number must have been uncountable.

And now these dames produced a rope of straw,
Made from the scattered stems upon the field,
And said to me: "Oh, King! come now with us.
The harvest is secured and we must go
Out to the battle front that we may help
Subdue the world, and all therein, for you."
"No! No!" said I. "I cannot go; my place
Is here where I can get the latest news
And tell my men which neighbor next to kill."
But they came up prepared to tie my hands,
And when I smiled at bands of straw they said:
"This rope is braided from green, oaten straw
By those who know the cunning weave of strength.
It will suffice, no fear of that; come on."
"But wait," said I; "let me put on my clothes—
My kingly ropes and boots and sword of steel."
And then they said, "Not so! You must be one
Of us this day; here is a pair of sabots.
Put them upon your feet; and this smock frock
Will serve your need, for we have lately learned
That all your greatness and your power to rule
Lie in your raiment, not within yourself.



And we have learned that you are just a man
Like other men, with pride and love of self,
And jealousy; and hatred of your kind.
And that your right divine is in your mind
And in the minds of those who follow you.
Your great ambition and your thirst for fame
Have rendered you unfit to be our King,
And we have cast you forth from out our hearts
And shut the doors thereof, and fastened them.
Now, you must come with us and count the graves
And see the carnage and the strife you cause.”
And so they tied my hands and passed the rope
About my body thrice, and started forth—
A multitude, all pulling on this band
Of straw, which I was powerless to break.
I soon discovered that to keep my feet
I must proceed with speed. Ah! how they ran,
Those women in their sabots. I, too, ran
To keep from falling prone. At last I said,
“Why run so fast? My sabots hurt my feet?”
They made reply: “Our sabots all have wings
And love inspires our flight: our loved ones wait.
We must be there in time to succor them
If they be yet alive: to bury them
If they be dead. Come on! Come on!” they said,
And faster yet o’er field and fen they sped.

We soon come to a fair and fertile land,
Divided into many little fields
Like garden spots, with hedges all abloom
And crops ungathered: yet no sign of life,
No human form or living thing was seen.
Some cottages with broken roofs remained,
While smoking walls and piles of ashes marked
The spot where only yesterday there lived
A family of happy peasant folk.
And now, alas! a stillness as of death
Hung over all the land. "Where to," said I,
"Are all the people gone? or are they dead?"
"The few that still survive are driven out
Before your mighty army," then they said.
"And though they tried to shield themselves
 against
Your mighty hosts, they soon gave in and ran
Like sheep before a pack of hungry wolves."



"Come on," they said; "don't talk; the day is
 spent
And night is coming on;" away they went,
And I, their captive king, sans robe, sans crown,

Sped after them apace ; now up, now down,
With falls galore, with bleeding hands and feet.
No horseless king e'er made a race so fleet.



Some smoking ruins of small villages
We passed, and came at length unto the walls,
The broken, blackened, smouldering walls of
what
At least must once have been a city of
Magnificence, the home of cultured men
And women of refinement, and of grace.
For one could see outlined against the west,
Where yet a pale, red light of day remained,
The broken shapes of minarets and spires,
Cathedral domes half torn away by shells.



My captors here began to look about,
And, tying me securely to a post
Which later I discovered was a shaft
Of blackened marble, broken at the top,
Made off with all the speed they could employ,

Without adieus, nor even looked my way.
Each with a spade (procured, I knew not where),
They simply ran away, and left me there.



And here was I, a great and mighty king,
Tied to a post, like any captive slave,
With bands of straw. A voice said, "Behold!
How cheap a thing is kingship without force.
A king without an army is a man
Of no avail, without the power to rule.
A man like other men, no more, no less;
And often quite inferior. Indeed,
If you should put him to the test of worth,
Or merit, as you try out other men,
You soon would find his utter worthlessness
And say, 'Oh! never mind—he'll do for a king.'
Some grand and noble emperors we've had,
And kings and queens, and rulers with a heart;
Grand sovereigns they, who ruled by love alone;
'Twas Nature, not their title, made them great,
And yet if you should read the history
Of kings and emperors in days gone by,
From old Caligula and Nero down,
You surely must agree with me, I think,
That kings are only kings by circumstance."

“Who speaks?” said I, and forthwith there appeared

A man arrayed in garments red with blood,
Within one hand a staff; the other held
A lantern, which gave forth a light, blood red,
Who made reply: “My name is writ in blood.
My rightful name is Carnage. I am called
The God of Strife. My duty is to keep
The evil in the heart of every man
At boiling pitch that he may *kill*, and *kill*,
And show no mercy—only strive and *kill*—
I am your servant and am sent for you—
I am to be your guide throughout this night.”



At which he thrust his staff within the ground,
The knob of which burst forth a radiant gleam
Of light, and made the ruins round about
More ghastly seem. And then I saw how red
His garments were. 'Twas but a single sheath
That fitted him skin tight from head to foot,
And glistened in the artificial light
Like paint but newly laid, with varnish mixed.



He severed now my bands and said, "Oh, King,
Come now with me, for I have many sights
And scenes which are of interest to me,
And will, I hope, much please your majesty."
But when I did essay to follow him
My sabots both came off, at which I said,
"Please wait; I've lost my sabots in the mud."
He made reply, "'Tis little loss; henceforth
Our path leads out across the field of strife,
The soil of which is saturated with
The blood of many noble-hearted men,
To that extent that bare feet will be best,
And that which you call "mud" is *sacred* soil.
The moisture of that mix is human blood;
Not only that, but *innocent* as well.
The pillar where the women bound you fast
Was one which helped to hold the archway to
The door which led into a sacred place;
And when your gallant army came in view
Hundreds of frightened men and women ran
Into the holy place, and, falling on
Their knees, besought Almighty God to send
Deliverance: and then a brutal mob of men
Rushed in and killed their victims by the score
Until their blood o'erfilled the sacred place
And ran a common flood out of the door.

Oh, King! it was a pretty sight to see,
That crimson flood descend the marble steps—
At least it seemed a pretty sight to me.
Then, setting fire to this holy place,
They, laughing, went their way. “Come, now,”
said he;

And I will show you how they did their work.”
I followed him within the inner wall,
Where there arose a stench which stifled me.
“Stop here,” said I; “what is this awful smell?”
“Why speak you thus?” he said. “Why call it
smell?

“ ’Tis but the fragrance of a sacrifice,
The perfume of some smouldering human flesh
Which once inhaled can never be forgot.
To stifle it your efforts must prove vain,
Through this world and the next it will remain.
I fear you are fastidious; but come,
We must be on our way and loiter not.
When day arrives I must be at my post
To urge the conflict on, to catch the blood.”
“To catch the blood,” said I; “what for, I pray?”
“We understand that you have called for blood
And we are saving what we can from field
And hospital alike to make your bath.”

“My God,” thought I, “what sort of man is this?”

And as I walked along, a barefoot king,
I kept within the dim, uncertain light
Of that red lantern, guarding well my steps
Lest I should fall. I stumbled o’er the form
Of some one lying prone upon the ground.
“Stop, here!” said I; “and show a better light.”
He thrust the staff within the ground, and there
Upon the street the body of a man—
An aged man—lay prone, face down, or would
Have been face down had not the aged head
Been severed from the trunk and rolled away—
Lay staring up through sightless eyes at us—
Each hand, outstretched, held in a deathly grasp
Half of the severed body of a child—
“What does this mean?” I asked in great alarm.
“It means,” said he, “that when your army rode
Up through this city street, this aged sire
Was crossing with this child upon his back.
One of your men, a gallant, brave, young knight,
Rode quickly up, and with one sabre stroke
He killed them both, then, laughing, rode away.
And yet there was but very little blood—
The grandsire was too old, the babe too young.”
Said I, “Why do you always prate of blood?”

“I am the God of Strife and must have blood;
Blood is for war and war for blood,” he said.
And I was sick at heart, but followed on,
Nor called for light again; yet well I knew
That many dead men lay along the way.
At length we came upon a country road
And walked along, when from a cottage gate
Came forth a ghostly object, clothed in white.
I paused and said, “Halt here, and show a light.”
And there before us stood a maid most fair,
Upon whose head a wealth of golden hair,
Like Nature’s crown, untethered and unkempt,
Gave back the light like glint of glitt’ring stars.
Her soft, blue eyes, tear-drowned, made mute ap-
 peal;
Also her arms, outheld, disclosed the fact
That both her hands were severed at the wrists.
There, mute, she stood, while tears rolled down
 her cheeks.
“What means this horrid sight?” I said to him
“It means,” said he, “an officer of rank,
A man with many medals on his breast,
Espied this maid in all her beauty rare,
And said, ‘I must possess her, foul or fair.’
But when he did essay to capture her
She tore his face to tatters with her nails,

At which he cut her hands off with his sword.
She saved her virtue but she lost her hands,
Which was a foolish bargain on her part,
For since we have returned to barbarism,
Where might is right, here, virtue has no place."
"Why stands she mute?" Why speaks she not?"
said I.

"She cannot speak, her tongue went with her
hands,"
Said he; and, taking up his staff, he marched
along.

"My God!" said I, "does war so brutalize
A man that he can thus maltreat a maid?"
"Of peasant's blood, a few drops, more or less,
In times of war is never marked. Besides,
He lost some blood himself," was all he said.
I then bethought to ask him of the maids
And matrons who had brought me here to him.
"Oh! they have gone to dig some trenches wide
And deep upon the battle field, where now
For seven days the slaughter has been fierce.
A grave promiscuous to conceal their dead—
Live men dig trenches for themselves," he said.



We now were passing through another town,
Or what was left of one. Thrusting his staff
Into the ground, we saw a blood-stained wall.
“Against this wall,” said he, “is where they shot,
Deliberately killed an hundred men—
An hundred inoffensive, unarmed men—
Because they could not pay the price demanded,
And served them right, the wasteful prodigals.”



And after we had walked what seemed to me
To be an hundred miles we came unto
A place that showed the ravages of war.
Great holes like cellars torn in all the fields
By the explosion of great shells: and trees,
Great trees were severed at the base, as though
Some giant with his axe of stone had hewn
Them down, and pounded them to fragments on
The ground. “Here now,” said he, “I want to
show
You something new in warfare, quite unique.”
And when the light he made flashed out, I saw
A dozen men or more in uniforms.
A group of officers and men, stone dead.
Some seated at a table, some apart;

One soldier leaning on his gun as if
On guard, stood there, at "order arms"—quite
dead.

Their faces and their uniforms alike
Appeared to be in color ashen gray,
Or the color of gray stone, and I said,
"What happened here? are these men petrified?"
"About the same," said he. "A lyddite shell
Burst just above this camp, the deadly fumes
Of which killed all these men at once. They died
Without the slightest sense of pain; also,
Without the drawing of a second breath.

The use of lyddite shells, however, now
We have tabooed, because we get no blood.'
"But who is this," said I, "who kneels apart
In attitude of prayer?" "Oh! that," said he,
"Is one they call a chaplain or 'divine,'
Of which there are on both sides of the line
A goodly number, praying night and morn
Unto the selfsame God to help him kill
His brother. Oh! King, how long can this thing
be?

Does it not seem a wicked, cruel farce
To ask Almighty God to help you kill?"
How cheap that man must hold his God who thus
Can pray, "Oh, Lord, give us the victory."

An army chaplain's prayer for victory
Reminds me of the howling of a wolf
Which, baffled in the catching of its prey,
Sits down and howls for help. "Come on," said
he,

"For now we must proceed with greater care:
The field in front of us is strewn with dead.
Horses and men are piled together there."
Indeed, we had not gone so very far
Till I become aware that it was true.
The ground was fairly covered with dead men,
With sabres, swords and bayonets all drawn,
For in the act of killing they were killed.
"Make here a light," I said; "I'm walking in
The faces of the dead and yet withal
I've cut my feet upon their bayonets."
"Oh, happy, happy heroes," he began,
"To have a king considerate enough
To doff his shoes before he treads upon
Their upturned faces; and thus to be baptized
With royal blood from sacred royal feet."



"Come on, Oh, King," he said; "we must proceed.

But I had heard a mournful cry, and said,
"What cry is that? Is some one yet alive
In this dread place?" "Impossible," said he;
"There's been no fighting here these three days
past.

And yet upon strict search we found a man,
A wounded man, stretched prone upon the ground
Between a pile of dead men and a horse,
And he was crying, "Water! Oh! Water!"
I snatched his helmet up and from a pool
Nearby brought him a drink; and how he drank,
And seemed refreshed. "How came you here
And yet alive?" I asked. He made reply,
"Some days ago (I know not now just when),
While in a charge, a piece of shrapnel tore
This arm away. I started to the rear,
Forgetting that the orders were to stay,
And not retreat, no matter what befell,
Else we should be considered foes and shot.
This bullet through my lungs was from the gun
Of one of my companions in the rear.
And now, my man, if you were mine own king
I could not feel more grateful than I do
For all your gentle kindness unto me.

I know the peasant heart is always kind.
Be pleased to fill my helmet to the brim
And place it here beside me, in my reach,
That I may quench my thirst and die in peace.”
“You must not die like this,” I said to him.
“We will not let you die. We’ll carry you
Unto some hospital and have your wounds
Bound up and save your life.” “Not so,” said he,
My life is scarcely worth the saving now.
My trade was laying brick before I came
To war, and now you see one hand is gone.
How could I earn my bread? I would be but
A charge upon my dear, beloved king,
Besides my comrades all are here at rest
And I will here remain—*I’ve done my best.*”



Said I to Carnage, “How can this thing be?
Can brave good men be sacrificed like this?”
To which he made reply: “The sacrifice
Of brave, good men by thousands are as chaff
Blown in the eyes of enemies to blind,
And busy them while breach upon their line
Is made elsewhere. But we must hasten on.”

By careful strides across this sodden field
Bestrewn with men and panoply of war,
We came at last unto a river bank,
Where Carnage made a light. We looked about
And then I asked: "What land is this?" Said he,
"This land was once the fair abiding place
Of many thousand happy peasant folk;
But now, alas, 'tis called 'Aceldama,'
Which signifies a cursed field of blood.
For many years henceforth it will produce
Accursed things: no man can dwell herein.
The products of this soil will taste of blood
And even Easter lilies grown hereon,
Instead of being white, will *bloom blood red*."

Resuming staff and lantern then he said,
"The first gray glint of dawn I now behold
Appearing in the east, and I must go
And start the strife, and urge the wave of war
For fear if I but let them even pause
To contemplate the reason or the cause
Of this gigantic struggle among men
They would at once refuse to fight, and then
What would become of all the armament
And panoply of war? The government
Of men by force would be forever past

And 'Peace on Earth' would be proclaimed at last."

"And now," said he, "proceed along this road
Beside this river bank, and when the day
Is done I will assume my role as guide.
Let me admonish you before we part
To be discreet and courteous in your mien
To every one you meet, and act your part,
For much depends upon your mode of speech
And attitude to people in this land.
The people here are not in love with kings—
They rate them only by the good they do,
Not by their power divine, which they misdoubt;
Therefore, be only what you *seem to be*,
Not what you *really are*; and now goodbye."

And he was gone; he disappeared as soon
And in the same mysterious way as he
Appeared the night before, and I walked on
As best I could; a weary, foot-sore King.
And meditating on the past, I thought
What is it all when all is done? This strife
This wholesale slaughter of the human race.
Perhaps I erred in uttering the word

That potent word so easy to proclaim
And yet when once declared *hard to recall*.
The sun was rising as I walked along,
And I could see a distance down the road,
Where, walking to and fro, I saw a boy;
Or what at first I thought to be a boy;
With gun and cartridge belt and soldier cap
As if on guard. I soon saw my mistake
The soldier was a woman in disguise.
Or rather in a soldier's uniform.
Her long, black hair hung loosely down her back
Which waving in the breeze disclosed her sex.
As I approached she halted me and said,
"Stand there, and truly answer on your life
If you have seen the king, and when, and where,
And you must answer make before you pass,
For I must know if he be on his way."
Said I to her, "Please look at me again,
This radiant morning light affects your sight.
What should I know of kings? Am I so fine?
Is this the garb that peasants wear when called
Before the King? But wherefore do you ask?"

“Because,” said she, “I am the chosen one,
And I have made a vow to rid the world
Of this outrageous King; this *fiend*, this *brute*,
Who causes all this blood-shed and this strife,
And devastates and ruins all the land.
The “voices” say that he will surely come
Adown this path, so I stand here on guard
To kill him with this gun as I have vowed.
If you know naught of him then you may pass.”

“Thank you,” said I, “but e’er I go, perhaps
You would be pleased to tell me how this King
Has injured you and won your enmity.
Have you lost any friends in this sad war?”
“Oh sir; lost any friends? I have lost all.
My father, and my husband, and my babe.
And I would gladly lay me down and die,
But I have made a solemn vow to kill
This cruel King and I must keep that vow.”
“Why should you blame the king, what has he
done,”
Said I, “Did he deprive you of your friends?”



“Oh sir, you are a simple peasant man
Else you would know how kings destroy and kill.
Some thirty days ago, which now seems like
A thousand years (if measured by my grief,
'Tis more) this cruel king, whom I await,
Sent hordes and hordes of cruel brutes called men
Into our land to devastate and kill
Our people who had thought he was our friend—
Nor gave a moment's warning, but fell to
And killed us off assigning no just cause
Except that we stood in his royal way,
Like some respected parent catching up
A trusting child and beating it to death.
And at the first alarm my husband joined
The band of brave young men who tried to stop
The onrush of the mighty horde and save
If possible the lives of dear ones left
Behind. Alas! unequal was the strife,
We soon were driven from our happy homes
Like unfledged birdlings shaken from their nests.
Then came a band of horsemen through our town.
My father with my babe upon his back
Assayed to cross the street in front of them
When they, like many others, were cut down
And killed. Then came I to the battle front
To find my husband, and I found him here

And buried him behind that little hut,
And donned his clothes and cap, and took his gun
And made a solemn vow to kill the king
Whom all the "voices" say must come this way—
But I have wearied you? You look distressed
And your poor feet, you must be lame, indeed.
Take thou this gun and guard this road with care
While I go to this hut and get for you
A pair of shoes. And should you see the King
Approaching you, begin to shoot, and shoot
To kill. No mercy he deserves; and you may know
Him by this picture here. I tore it from
A book. See how he is arrayed; gold lace;
Gold cord; gold buttons and gold medals, too,"
And here she drew a picture of myself
From out her bosom and presented it.
And so I stood on guard against myself,
My real self and knew at last my worth
As rated by the people I oppressed.
She soon returned, bringing a pair of shoes
Also a pail of water; then she said,
"Sit down upon this bank, and I will bathe
Your feet, for nothing must defile these shoes,
Inside at least, for they are sacred shoes.
The man who wore these shoes was brave and true,
And pure of heart; these were my husband's
shoes—

How many, many pathways have they trod
Of mercy and true service unto God."

And standing there she held the shoes aloft
And prayed, "Oh Lord, please sanctify these
shoes

Unto the use of this poor peasant man,
And let them bear him to his home and friends
As they did bear my husband to his death."

And as she talked and worked I heard the roar
Of cannon in the distance, and I said,
"Do you not hear the battle raging now?"
"Oh yes, but that is naught to me," she said,
"I'm chosen, and put here to kill the King."

And now arising from her task she said,
"If you were King of Kings you could not be
More sacredly or honorably shod.
And I would give you food, but sad to say,
My last black bread was eaten yesterday.

And there I stood a broken-hearted king,
And taking from my neck a golden chain
From which suspended hung an iron cross,
And clasping it about her neck I said,
“Please wear this chain, ’tis all I have to give
For you must see that I am poor indeed,
And if you are in need, or sore oppressed,
Display this cross that hangs suspended here
In any camp on this side of the line
And all your wants will be supplied forthwith.
The token they will recognize at once,
For they will know what peasant(?) gave you
this.”



And thus we parted and I went my way,
For now the sun was up and it was day,
Yet ’twas a blood red sun, and in the West
A half a dozen other suns appeared,
Or so they seemed—those burning villages,
And as I walked along my thoughts ran thus,
“How has the mighty fallen, a mighty King
Most thankful for a pair of peasant shoes.”



And now I came upon some soldiers who
Were dragging a disabled gun along,
Upon the frame of which a dead man lay;
And over him a flag I recognized
Was draped with care. They halted me
And asked about the roads. "The roads," said I,
"I am a stranger in these parts. I have
No knowledge of the roads. Why do you ask?"
"At high noon yesterday we were sent forth
To take this gun, and bring it in," they said.
"We were a thousand then, and now you see
We are but thirty men. We got this gun and flag
But lost our dear commander who lies there
Beneath *that* flag. The pontoon where we crossed
Was shot away so we were then compelled
To make this wide detour to cross this stream"—
And on they went a weary funeral band.

"My God," said I, "What sacrifice is this,
Nine hundred and seventy men for one
Old broken gun and one old tattered flag!"



The day wore on and I went on my way
As one may walk and yet be sound asleep
And dreaming that he dreams. And now I came
Upon another slaughter yard bestrewn
With dead men piled in winrows and in heaps
And little pools of blood lay all about,
Or bloody water as it proved to be;
And dancing through these pools a maiden fair
I saw, and wondered at her crazy pranks—
As I came up she stood barefooted in
A pool of blood and sang to me this song,—

SONG

“I love my little sister best of all,
But now she’s gone; gone to her happy home,
She will not come though I may call, and call,
And though I sing for her she will not come.”



And many times she sang this selfsame verse
As she went dancing through the pools of blood.
At eventide I came upon a scene

Which halted me, and caused me much surprise.
Within a little garden patch I saw,
Reclining on a massive slab of stone,
A dog. He seemed in size quite lion-like
And yet as lean as any winter wolf—
And just beyond the hedge I saw a man
At work upon his broken cottage roof.
Said I, "Good man, why does this dog lie here
Upon this slab of stone?" "Oh, that," said he,
Was once the door-stone to a home like this;
And when the battle raged not far away
A shell came hurtling through the air
And tore it all to bits and burned it up;
And killed the inmates all,—except a girl
Of sixteen years of age (and this brave dog),
Who at the time was in the village there
Delivering the milk, for it was then
The evening hour, as it is now. When they
Returned the girl went mad, and he lay down
Upon that stone, his usual place, and though
We call and call he will not come away,
And though we place him food he will not eat.
But at the usual hour he stands beside
His cart in which he used to haul the milk
And looks about expectantly, and then
Returns to guard the spot that once was home.

Sometimes he will arise and wag his tail
As if he saw a friend, and march around
The yard, from place to place, as once he did,
Preceded by his master. Then again
He stands beside that old armchair you see
Within that shady arbor at the rear
And rests his head upon the arm thereof
And wags his tail, as if he yet could see
The grandame who was wont to sit
And do her knitting there; again he stands
And looks up in the air and cries like one
Bereft, at something *we can never see.*"



"How many lived within that cot?" said I.
"The father, mother, grandame and two girls;
The eldest girl whom I said lost her mind,
Also a winsome little girl of five."
"'Tis passing strange about the dog," said I.
"'Tis strange," said he; "and when I contem-
plate
The character of dogs, their faithfulness,
Integrity, and care, I sometimes think

The great Creator made a sad mistake
And gave the hearts he made for men to dogs,
And those he made for dogs he gave to men;
Especially am I convinced of this
When I consider kings who made the wars."
'Twas almost night, the man had quit his work,
And we were standing by his cottage gate.
"Come in and sup and bide with us the night,"
Said he; "such as we have you're welcome to."
The frugal meal was soon dispatched, and I,
While seated there upon a peasant's chair,
Was trying hard to reconcile myself
To my new role in life,— the peasant life—
When there before me stood the "God of Strife,"
Red carnage; there he stood and no mistake;
And then I knew I must be on my way;
So, rising and removing from my hand
A signet ring, I said unto my host,
"My friend, I wish to leave with you this ring
In payment for your kindness unto me,
And should you be oppressed or in distress
Display this ring, and stand erect, your hands
Outstretched and clasping in the air as if
Your object was to gather all the world
In your embrace; turning your body round
The while, and let your gaze fall far afield;

My people all will understand the sign
And recognize the ring, and give you aid."
At which he said, "Do you go forth alone?"
And then I knew that Carnage was unseen
By every mortal eye except my own.
And I said, "No, I will have company."
When I turned to go, Carnage faded through
The door, it being shut, and disappeared,
And then I knew just how he had come in.

And when at last I stood outside the door
My host arose, and, lifting both his hands,
Invoked a blessing from on high. He said,
"Oh, Lord, vouchsafe a blessing on the head
Of this poor peasant man and go with him
And guard him well upon his journey home,
And bide with him in peace forever there."

Outside the gate my guide was waiting me,
And, like the night before, we marched along,
Through many ruined villages we passed,
The blackened, broken walls of which revealed

The ravages of war. No sound was heard;
No lights appeared; a stillness as of death
Hung over all. And yet when Carnage made
A light we saw pale, ghostlike faces at
The broken basement windows attracted by
Our light; gaunt and hungry, and frightened, too,
As if they feared the enemy's return.
We came at length unto a river bank,
Where Carnage made a light, and I could see
Dead bodies floating on the tide. Said I,
"What place is this?" and then he made reply,
"This was a land of peace and plenty once—
The very garden spot of all the world.
For many generations this fair land
Had never been at war, or had a foe
And all the other nations signed a bond
And made decree that this land should be free
From molestation and be neutral ground.
And so these simple minded farmer folk,
Trusting all, went forth each day to labor
In their fields and gardens fair, and live in peace,
Forgetting that the world is full of hate,
Ambition, jealousy, avarice and pride—
Forgetting, too, that kings are arbiters
And rule by rights divine. A king is one
Who has the right divine to lie, and lie;

To lie with tongue and lie with pen at will,
And kill the men who murmur at his power.



“Come, now,” said he; “a little farther down
And I will show you something strange indeed.
We’re nearing now the ocean, where the tides
Wash back the sands and form somewhat of bars
Across this river bed. At one of these
A bridge unique is formed, which you must cross.
He thrust his staff into the ground and there
Appeared a veritable bridge of men;
Dead soldiers lying stranded on the bar.
“Take off your shoes,” he said, and I obeyed.
“Upon that little island over there.
You’ll find a pit where once a battery
Was planted. Within this pit you may secrete
Yourself and watch the slaughter of tomorrow,
For this is very near the firing line.”



And now that gruesome sight remains with me—
That bridge of dead men lying side by side—
And I can yet recall the guilt and shame

And horror of it all, as I, their king,
With naked feet walked on their prostrate forms.
And when at last I stood beside the pit
Red Carnage stood beside me with his light.
“You may descend by those stone steps,” he said.
On looking down I saw the forms of men
In uniform. “Why should I here remain
Among the dead, and in this awful place?”
“For two good reasons, or so they seem to me.
The first, that you may see how men are killed—
How quickly they do barter life for death,
And with what seeming cheerfulness at that,
They ride with lances set, or sabres drawn,
And sing and shout ‘Hurrah!’ like boys at play.
One moment they seem filled with life and
strength;
The next, they and their horses are quite dead,
And piled in heaps for some one to inter.
The second and more cogent reason is
That you may meditate upon your life that’s past,
And also on your life to come. This spot
Is truly fit for meditative thought;
And you have need of thought, in retrospect
At least. Your reign as king is now almost
Expired, and you must reparation make,
In part at least for errors in the past.

For, although you should live a thousand years
And do some noble deed each day and hour,
You could no more than balance the account.
Your people, when this war is at an end,
Will ask you for your sceptre and your crown.
And my advice to you is to forestall
Them by the abdication of your throne.
Call all your armies home and sue for peace,—
And this from me who loves to see blood flow.
Fresh blood to me is sweeter than pure wine.
But I am weary off it all; my thirst
Is satisfied, and I am *sick at heart*.”



A flash and he was gone, and there I sat
In lonely silence waiting for the dawn.
A dim, deceptive light cast by the stars
Into this dismal place made dead men move,
Or seem to move, and then I heard a voice.
“Oh, King, (for thou art yet a king, indeed,
Despite thy peasant garb) attention give
While we relate the horrors you excite.
You may have seen the blood stained rivers flow;
You may have seen dead soldiers piled in heaps;
And ships destroyed and sailors drowned like rats;

And yet the real horror of your act
In bringing on this wanton holocaust,
This wholesale murder you define as war,
Is not observed upon the field of strife,
Nor on the sea, for dead men suffer not.
The suffering is all left in the wake
Of war, the innocent and helpless ones;
The aged ones, the cripples, and the babes
Who starve because protectors are killed off.
If you could only go with us and see
The pallid, wasted faces of the dead,
Who simply starve to death for want of bread;
And see a wailing infant try to draw
Life's sustenance from its dead mother's breast,
Then you could better judge of the effects
Of this foul strife you designate as war.
"Who speaks," said I, and then the answer came:
"I am called 'Avatar,' because I know
The art whereby we may hold intercourse
With those who yet remain upon the earth.
I read the thoughts of angels on this side
And put them into words for mortal ears.
We have no words; there's no concealment here.
On earth we know that words are often used
By diplomats, more to conceal their thoughts
Than to reveal them. I was speaking for

A friend of yours just now, who knew you well—
A friend who knew and loved you long ago,
Before ambition ossified your heart,
And love of fame had calcified your soul.
“Who is this angel friend of mine?” I asked,
“We have new names upon this side,” he said,
“And we forget and often make mistakes,
But if you will but look steadfastly at
The wall in front of you, I will portray
Your friend, if I can so control the light.”
At first there came upon the wall a pale
Gray, misty light, which grew intensely white,
In which appeared a form and face I knew
Despite the lapse of years. The sweet blue eyes,
The wealth of flaxen hair, and rose-bud mouth
Revealed to me a playmate of my youth.
“ ’Tis Gretchen,” then said I; and while I gazed
The light began to fade and soon was gone.
“My God!” said I; “are we so close to heaven?”
“ ’Tis but a step,” said Avatar; “and yet
Sometimes that step is very hard to take.
The angel you call ‘Gretchen’ we call ‘Peace,’
Or ‘Saint Pacifico,’ which means the same.
Together with three other saints as fair
She watches over you with constant care,
No matter how you go, or when, or where,

One or more of them are certain to be there;
Therefore, be careful where you walk. Goodbye."



I now could see the first gray glint of dawn,
And all at once the guns began to roar
In testimony that the strife was on
Again, and I resolved to go straight home,
If I, by any means, could find my way,
And stop, if possible, this holocaust.



Advancing to the river I beheld
That gruesome sight—that bridge of men—
My heart misgave me, and I said I'd swim;
So in I plunged and struck out fairly well;
Yet I had not gone very far before
I noticed that my body came in touch
With other forms, and then I realized
That I was swimming there among the dead,
Who lay beneath the surface out of sight,
And that my feet and legs were being held,
And that my strength was giving out; and then
My head went under, and I heard the roar

Of cannon less distinctly than before.
I knew that I was sinking, but swam on;
And just as I was giving up the fight,
And when my lungs seemed bursting for a breath
My feet struck land, and I was soon upon
The beach, face down, exhausted and half dead.
When I regained my breath I stood erect
And there before me in a garb of black,
With sad and gloomy face, a man appeared.
The lines of sorrow in his face were deep.
His long, black cloak, his arms crossed on his
 breast,
And sad, far-seeing eyes made him appear
So strange and grand. Said I, "Who honors me?"
Then he replied, "They called me 'Prince of
 Woe'
When I was on the earth long, long ago.
"A man of many sorrows, and indeed
I have my cares. Come now with me," he said.
Said I, "Please wait; I left a pair of shoes
Just here somewhere,—a pair of sacred shoes
A peasant woman gave me yesterday."
"You will not need your shoes henceforth," he
 said.
"Your journey now will be upon a road
So beaten down by many thousand feet

And worn so smooth by travelers each day
That shoes would be a superfluity."

"But can I not by some means dry my clothes?"
Said I, in desperation and despair.

"Your raiment will become so bothersome
And dry and hot, unless by frequent baths
You moisten it, that you will cease to take
Much care concerning it, and cast it off
When once you are within that special place
Which I have had prepared for you," he said.

"Are we so near to Hades, sir?" I said.

"You are in Hades even now," said he;
"Since when you looked upon that pictured wall
And saw that angel face, and knew yourself
To be the cruel monster that you are,
And penitence sought refuge in your soul;
And since your heart is burdened with remorse,
You have been in Hades all the while.

Hell has no torture greater than remorse.

But, come," he said; "we must be on our way;
The walk is only just a pleasant one,
The grade, you will observe, is always down.
'Tis easy to descend, but *hard to climb*."

And then I saw the road was filled with forms—
With astral forms of men and women both.
Some danced along with ribald song, as though

They were upon some day of pleasure bent,
While others, with a stolid mien, walked on
In silence down the way, as if to say,
"What do I care; 'tis all the same to me."
Yet others, with a leer from ear to ear
Intended for a smile, friends to beguile
(Resembling more the steel jaws of a trap),
With jaunty tread and tossing head went by.
And yet another class with furtive glance
Slipped past, with eyes as keen as any fox,
And savage, bestial faces with a scowl;
Licentious faces, brutalized with lust,
And yet, in not one face could I discern
The slightest shade of sorrow or remorse.
And then said I, "Where do these people go?"
Said he, "Unto their places down below."
"But why are they not sorrowful or sad?—
They seem to act as natural as life."
And then he said, "Transition changes naught.
As they were there on earth so are they here.
Without repentance they can never change.
The truly penitent come not this way,
But they are met upon this side by those
Who guide them to a higher plane at once.
These, too, may at some future time be helped;
But they must their allotted time remain

In darkness and despair ; it is the law—
The law of compensation still obtains,
And evolution is the only law
By which to work reform in any life.
And now we came unto a massive wall,
In which were many doors, and over each
A name of some celebrity was carved.
The first, "Caligula ;" then "Nero" came ;
Then "Hannibal," "Alexander, the Great,"
"Phillip, the Fair," and "Philip Second of
Spain ;
And lastly but not least, "Napoleon's" home.
And then we paused before a door unmarked,
Which opened at his lightest touch. "Walk in,"
Said he. "This is your place ; your name shall be
Inscribed above the door, should you remain."
"Remain," said I ; "why should I remain ?"
"For penance sake ; your sins have brought you
here,
And your transgressions are the crimson kind,
And must be cleansed with blood." "Sit down,"
said he,
"And I will straightway have your bath prepared."
"My God," said I ; "is this the doom of kings ?"
"For jealous and ambitious kings," said he.

And then I sat before a marble tank
Down into which a set of marble steps
Descended; *a mighty King in Hades.*

The room was long and narrow, and the light,
A deep red glow, came from the distant end;
From where I sat, and by its aid I saw
An army of red imps with pails of blood
Come in and pour the liquid in the tank—

First Imp:

“Oh, King! I bring you here the blood
Of soldiers brave and true,
Who bravely in the front ranks stood
And fought and died for you.”

Second Imp:

“I bring you here the blood of men,
Of German sailors true,
Who bravely fought and died, and then
We brought their blood to you.”

Third Imp:

“Here is the blood of an Englishman,
As red as roast beef rare;

Who said I'll do the best I can
If the fight is fair and square."

Fourth Imp:

"A Scotchman's blood I bring to you,
Who marched to his pipes so dear;
It is so true, 'tis a trifle blue,
But 'tis good blood, never fear."

Fifth Imp:

"I bring you now some Irish blood
From Tip'rary far away,
Where wrangling is both drink and food
And fighting is but play."

Sixth Imp:

"Some pure French blood I bring you here,
Which flows as quick as wine.
'Twas shed to shield their homes so dear;
I'm sure you'll think it fine."

Seventh Imp:

"Here is blood from a Hindoo sent,
Though 'twas obtained unfair—
Shot at sunrise in front of his tent,
While on his knees in prayer.

Eighth Imp:

“Some blood from the land where cold
winds blow
Drawn from a Canadian’s veins—
’Tis pure and clean as the winter’s snow
That covers Albert’s plains.”

Ninth Imp:

“Some Russian blood I bring from the East.
’Tis strong and if it hath
No other merit, it will at least
Add strength unto your bath.”

Tenth Imp:

“Here is the blood of a lustful Turk,
So treacherous and black.
We bring it to show we did not shirk
And the mixture might not lack.”

Eleventh Imp:

“Some Austrian blood I pour herein;
You see it is thin and light;
’Tis just such blood that wars begin,
Then stand back to see the fight.”

Twelfth Imp:

“Here is some Servian blood I bring,
Of patriots brave and grand;
They stayed the hand of a grasping King
Who coveted their land.”

Thirteenth Imp:

“Here is some innocent Belgian blood,
To sweeten this bath so rare.
Spare not its use—their land’s aflood
With innocent, inoffensive blood—
There’s plenty more to spare.”

And now the “Man of many sorrows” came,
And said to me, “Your bath is now prepared;
Here will you bathe, and after every bath
A drop of pure water will be added—
Therefore, in time you will be purified;
Your bed will be upon the bayonets
With which the place is strewn; and now good-
bye.”

At last alone I sat, a peasant king,
Confronted by my bath,—a gruesome thing—
Where I must bathe and bathe ten thousand years
To expiate my sins; and now my tears

Began to flow—repentance was complete—
And, kneeling down, I sought relief in prayer;
And while I asked Almighty God to send
Deliverance, I felt an icy breath
Of air upon my neck and cheek;
And looking up I saw three angel forms;
Their raiment was as brilliant as the sun;
Their smiling faces seemed direct from heaven.
Their presence lighted up the dismal place,
And so astonished me I could not speak.
They, seeing my embarrassment, began—

First Angel:

“The man of many sorrows heard your
prayer,
And sent us to administer to you.
My name is Penitence; my duties are
To see that all repentance is sincere.
To pass upon petitions, and to see
If they are from the head and not the heart,
Or if they truly flow from heart and soul,
Then I may justify the suppliant.

Second Angel:

My name is Justice, and my duties are
To look into the penitential heart
And ascertain how much of hate remains—

Or vanity, or love of self, or pride;
Or jealousy, or avarice, or spite;
And should I find that none of these appear,
Then I must count the virtues that I find.
If I should find humility and love
Of neighbors, and respect of others' rights
As equal to his own, and a desire
To make full restitution for all wrongs,
And restoration of all gains by force,
Then I must let him pass, not otherwise."

Third Angel:

"My name is Mercy, and my duties are
To look into the soul of every man
Who supplicates Almighty God in prayer,
And see how much sincerity is there;
And ascertain the motive or intent
Which prompts his every act, both good
and bad—
For good may sometimes come where wrong
is meant,
And error often fetters good intent,
And wordy supplications without love
Are wasted words; they are not heard
above.

But secret prayer, if on contrition fed,
Is heard on high before the words are said."

Another flash of light and there appeared
Dear Saint Pacifico; whom I revered,
With sweet forgiving pity in her face,
And thus began the pleading of my case"—

Saint Pacifico:

"I've known this penitent from early youth
And all his acts, and all his pride, forsooth:
His pride was in his country, not himself;
His acts were all for honor, not for self.
And though he seems to act a brutal part
His sins are of the head, not of the heart.
Could you but understand his full intent
And know the power of his environment,
And know the school in which his every thought
Was trained for war. The school in which
 was wrought
This scheme of subjugation of the world,
Your mercy would incite you to withhold
Your censure till the truth was known,
And take him back and place him on his
 throne."

And so they bound me with their silken scarfs
And took me home, and placed me on my throne,
Where I awoke to find myself alone,
In sad bewilderment, and yet as one
Who finds sweet joy in power to atone.



EPILOGUE

His first act was to call his army home;
And then he called his rulers unto him—
His war-lords and his princes—then he said,
“Make thou a constitution and a law
That will give every man an equal right
To life and liberty; give him the right
To worship God in any sacred way
His soul dictates, no matter what his creed.
Make thou the right of franchise universal,
And guard with care the sacred rights of home,
For I have made a sacred, solemn vow
To make what restitution that I may,
And to restore so far as in my power lies,
To every one who suffered by my acts;
An equal compensation for his loss,
And I hereby a proclamation make
And ask for peace, not supplicate, but *dare*.
My people are not vanquished, nor can they be;
But I am weary of this slaughter in
A brother's cause who drove me into it,

And if any ruler of any land
Has bravery enough to abdicate
His throne, and let his people rule the land,
Let him come forth and take me by the hand,
For here and now I lay my power down
And tender you my sceptre and my crown.
To all the hosts of heaven proclaim it now
That they may know how well I kept my vow.



CONCLUSION

And one by one the crowned heads followed suit, and laid their crown and sceptre at the feet of their people, and bade them rule themselves by constitution and by law, and that is why we have at The Hague a Congress or Parliament in constant Session, whereat all nations are represented, and whereat all differences, be they political, commercial or theological, which baffle diplomacy, may be settled by a high court of justice, or by arbitration, without war or bloodshed, and whereat international laws are enacted for the government and protection of commerce, both on land and sea; and a universal system of weights and measures; a universal monetary system which makes one nation's money good and at par with all other nations; an international police force controlling munitions of war on land and sea, and who are empowered and commanded to keep the peace in every land, that we may turn our attention to the constructive principles of life and thereby complete the federation of the world.

FINALE

If you should ask me if I thought a dream
Could make the nations hesitate or pause,
I'd say, "You'll find, if you pursue the theme,
'Twas instigated by that selfsame cause.





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